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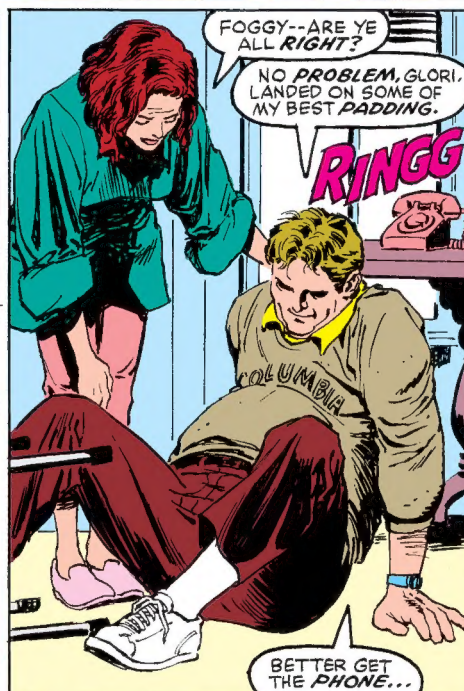
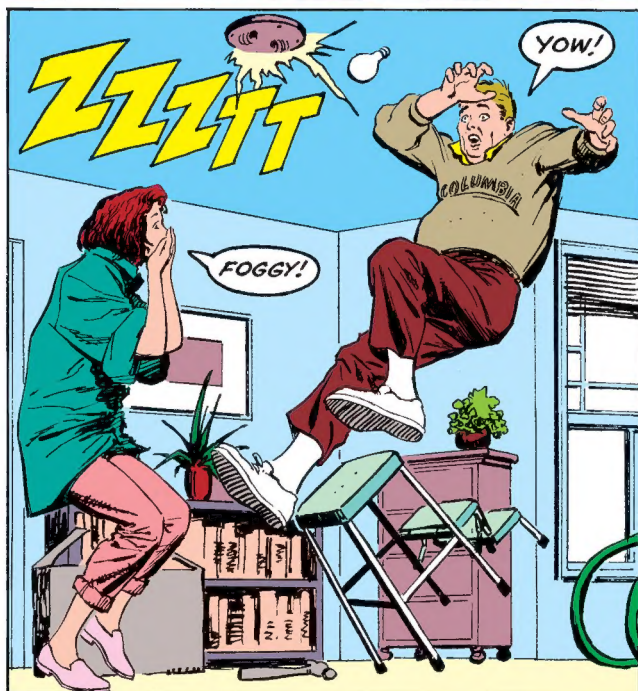
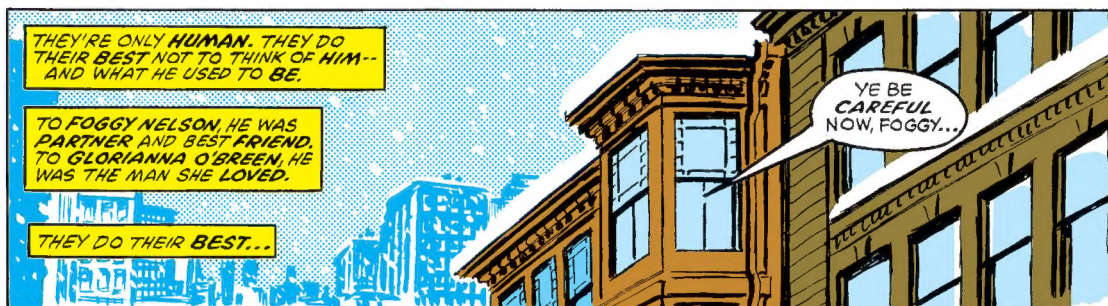
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# DAREDEVIL®

DM

## PURGATORY







THE WINDOW'S CLOSED--  
BUT YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT,  
NOT WITH THE STIFF BREEZE  
THAT'S BLOWING THROUGH IT,  
GIVING ME A SWEETHEART  
OF A CRAMP IN MY LOWER  
BACK.

SIX INCHES OF SNOW  
OUTSIDE AND STILL  
NO HEAT IN THE ROOM...

AND HERE I'D PLANNED  
ON STAYING AT THE PLAZA.  
THAT WAS BEFORE I DIS-  
COVERED THAT THE IRS  
HAD MADE MY CREDIT  
CARDS SO MUCH WORTH-  
LESS PLASTIC.

LEFT ME WITH TEN  
BUCKS TO MY NAME.

I FOUND A HOTEL  
THAT MADE CHANGE.

Stan Lee  
presents

# PURGATORY

By FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

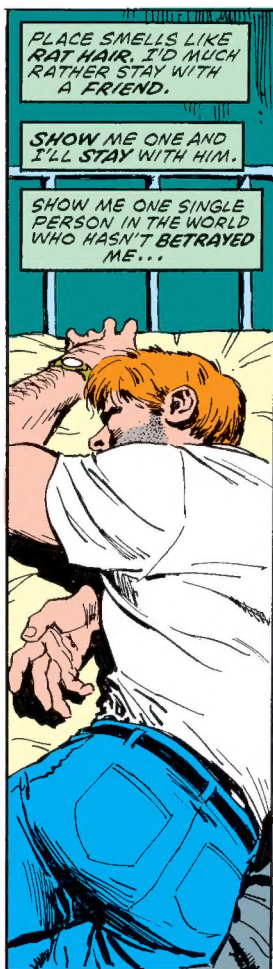
R. LEWIS  
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JIM SHOOTER  
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PLACE SMELLS LIKE RAT HAIR, I'D MUCH RATHER STAY WITH A FRIEND.

SHOW ME ONE AND I'LL STAY WITH HIM.

SHOW ME ONE SINGLE PERSON IN THE WORLD WHO HASN'T BETRAYED ME...

JUST A FEW DAYS AGO I WAS A PILLAR OF MY COMMUNITY--A RESPECTED FIGURE IN MY PROFESSION.



NOT TO MENTION MY SIDELINE OF BEING A SUPERHERO.

NOW I'M JUST A BLIND MAN...



...A BLIND MAN WHO'S LOST HIS JOB, HIS LIVELIHOOD HIS HOME, HIS GIRL...

...WHO FATE GAVE THE ABILITY TO HEAR AND SMELL AND TOUCH BETTER THAN ANYBODY IN THE WORLD CAN--

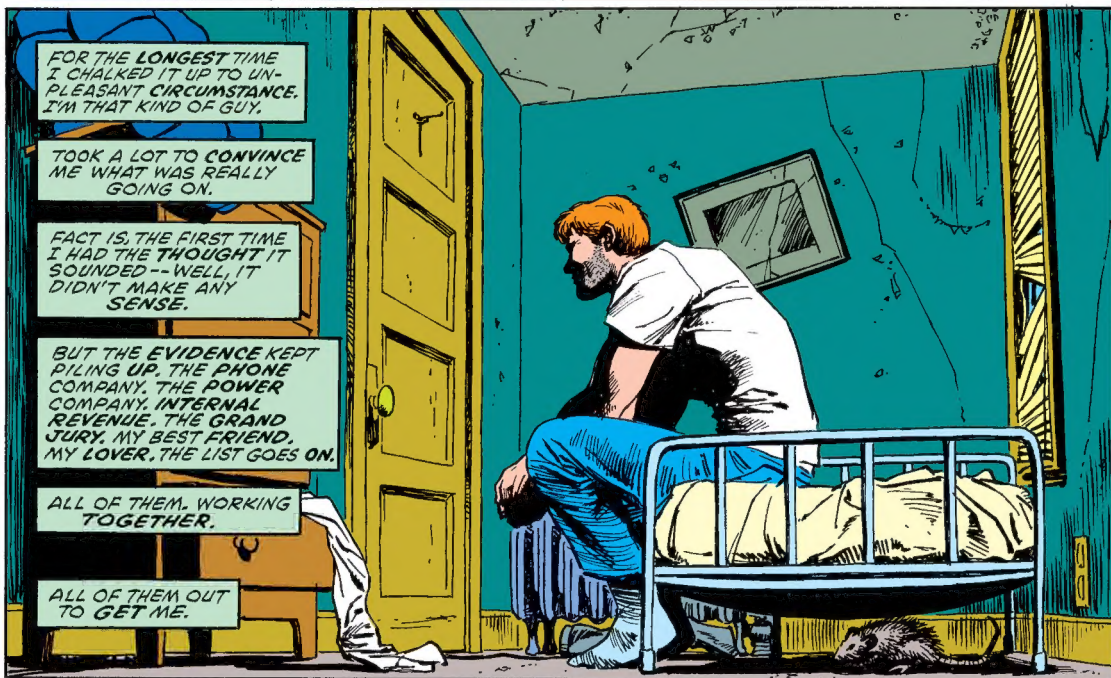
--WHICH IS A GREAT WAY TO CATCH ALL THE MISERY OF BEING ALIVE.



JUST A FEW DAYS AGO...

...NO, I SHOULD HAVE SEEN ALL THIS COMING. STARTED MONTHS AGO, THINGS GOING WRONG FOR ME.

JUST LITTLE THINGS, AT FIRST. THE KIND YOU TRY NOT TO NOTICE, THE KIND THAT ADD UP UNTIL YOU WANT TO...



FOR THE LONGEST TIME I CHALKED IT UP TO UNPLEASANT CIRCUMSTANCE. I'M THAT KIND OF GUY.

TOOK A LOT TO CONVINCE ME WHAT WAS REALLY GOING ON.

FACT IS, THE FIRST TIME I HAD THE THOUGHT IT SOUNDED--WELL, IT DIDN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.

BUT THE EVIDENCE KEPT PILING UP, THE PHONE COMPANY, THE POWER COMPANY, INTERNAL REVENUE, THE GRAND JURY, MY BEST FRIEND, MY LOVER, THE LIST GOES ON.

ALL OF THEM, WORKING TOGETHER.

ALL OF THEM OUT TO GET ME.





NO, NO. THAT'S--  
I'M GOING--

--IT'S THE KINGPIN.

THE KINGPIN, YES.



HE'S THE ONLY REAL  
ENEMY I HAVE. I'VE  
CAUSED HIM A LOT OF  
TROUBLE, FIGHTING  
CRIME-- SINCE THAT'S  
HIS BUSINESS, IT  
FOLLOWS THAT I'D  
CAUSE HIM TROUBLE.  
IT MAKES SENSE  
THAT I'D CAUSE HIM  
TROUBLE. IT...



...IT'S THE KINGPIN.  
SOMEHOW HE FOUND OUT  
THAT I'M DAREDEVIL.

HE BRIBED AND  
THREATENED EVERY-  
BODY IT TOOK TO  
DESTROY ME.

I'VE GIVEN THIS A  
LOT OF THOUGHT.



THAT'S WHY I HAVEN'T  
LEFT THIS ROOM. TO  
THINK AND PUT TO-  
GETHER A PLAN AND  
GET ENOUGH SLEEP  
I SEEM TO NEED SO  
MUCH SLEEP...

... BUT IT'S ALL  
WORKED OUT NOW.  
I'VE GOT MY STRATEGY.

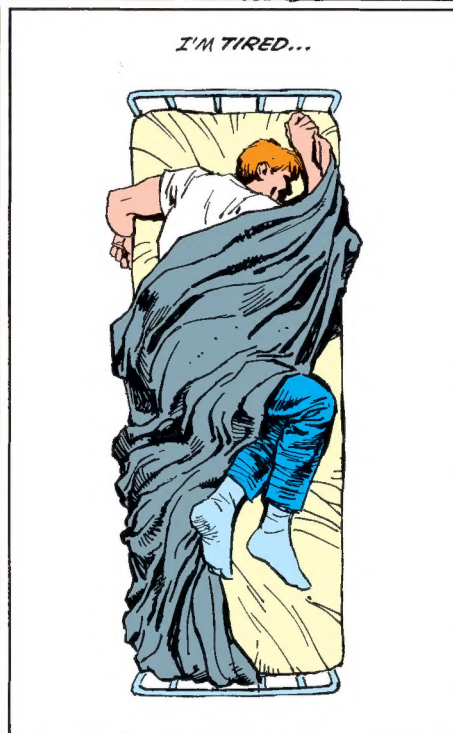
I'M GOING TO GO TO  
THE KINGPIN AND I'M  
GOING TO KILL HIM..



NO, I WON'T KILL HIM.  
I DON'T DO THAT.

I'LL JUST BEAT HIM  
UNTIL HE PROMISES  
TO GIVE ME MY LIFE  
BACK.

I'LL GET UP RIGHT THIS  
MINUTE AND WALK TO  
THE DOOR AND LEAVE  
THE ROOM AND...



I'M TIRED...



HE IS THE LORD OF CRIME.

HE HAS GATHERED THE WARRING GANGS OF THE CITY, ORGANIZED THEM INTO AN ARMY-- NO, A BUSINESS, SO EFFICIENT AND SO PROFITABLE THAT THE CITY'S ECONOMY DEPENDS ON THE THIEVES, EXTORTIONISTS, AND MURDERERS AT HIS COMMAND.

HE IS THE KINGPIN-- AND MATTHEW MURDOCK HAS BECOME THE LIGHT OF HIS DAYS.



AS DAREDEVIL, MURDOCK HAD COST HIM LITTLE, BUT HOUNDED HIM, ANNOYED HIM, AS A FLY WOULD.

NOW, WITH ALL THE JOY OF A MALICIOUS CHILD, THE KINGPIN TORTURES THE FLY.

IT BEGAN WITH THE REVELATION OF DAREDEVIL'S WEAK SIDE-- HIS SECRET IDENTITY. WITH A FEW BRIEF PHONE CALLS, THE KINGPIN SHATTERED MURDOCK'S LIFE, BEYOND ALL HOPE OF RECONSTRUCTION.

THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE END OF IT-- WERE IT NOT FOR THE SWEET DISCOVERY...



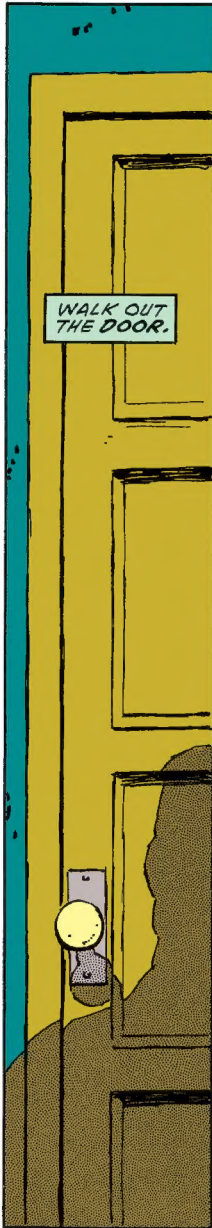
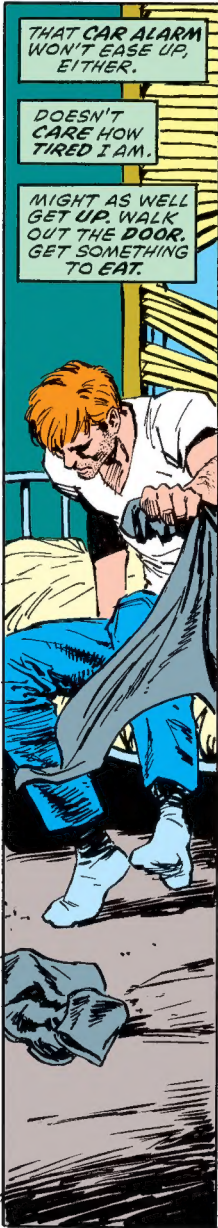
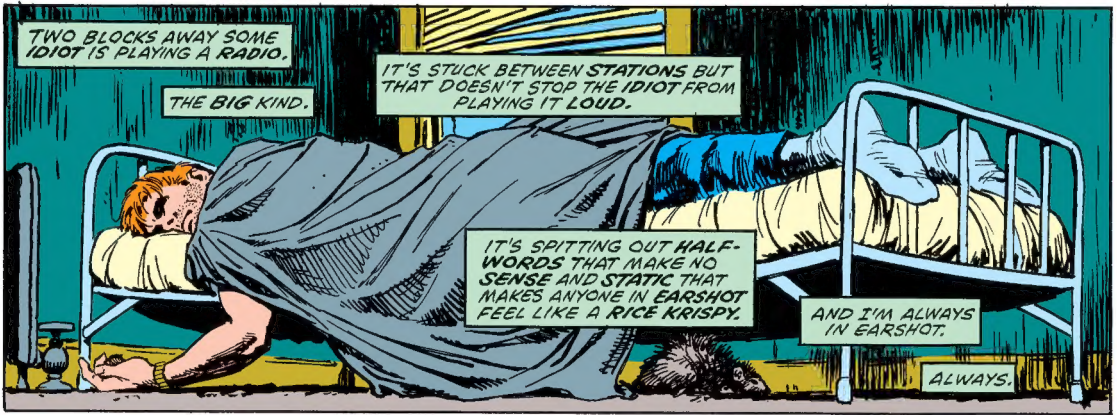
... THAT MATTHEW MURDOCK IS A MAN ON THE EDGE-- THAT EVEN BEFORE HIS RUIN, HE WAS NEARLY MAD.

WERE MURDOCK TIED TO A RACK, SLOWLY TORN LIMB FROM LIMB, BEGGING FOR MERCY, THE SPECTACLE COULD BE NO MORE PLEASURABLE TO BEHOLD.

THE KINGPIN LOOKS AT HIS CITY AND THINKS OF HOW WONDERFUL IT IS TO BE ALIVE.

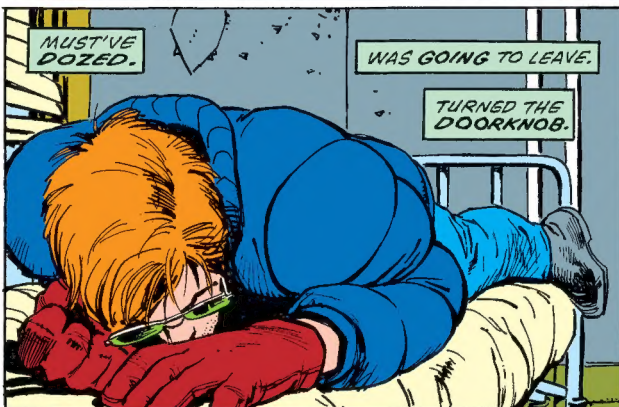








I WALK OUT AND A KIND STRANGER GIVES ME A RIDE UPTOWN TO THE KINGPIN'S HEADQUARTERS AND I PUNCH THE KINGPIN OUT AND HE BEGS FOR MERCY AND GIVES ME MY LIFE BACK AND SURRENDERS TO THE POLICE AND EVERYBODY KNOWS IT IS ME WHO BEAT HIM AND THERE'S A PARADE.

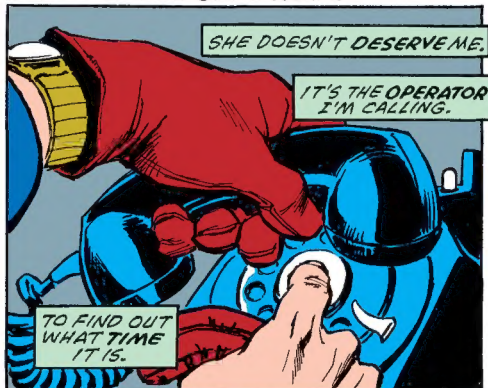


MUST'VE DOZED.

WAS GOING TO LEAVE.

TURNED THE DOORKNOB.

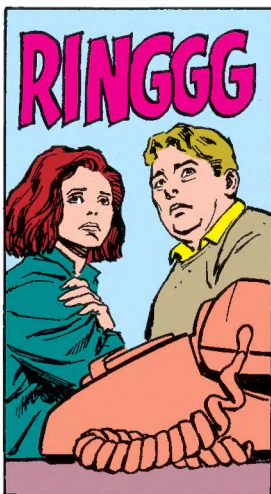
I'M NOT CALLING GLORI AGAIN.



SHE DOESN'T DESERVE ME.

IT'S THE OPERATOR I'M CALLING.

TO FIND OUT WHAT TIME IT IS.



RINGGGG



...NO, MATT... PLEASE... DON'T SAY SUCH THINGS...

LET ME SPEAK TO HIM, GLORI.

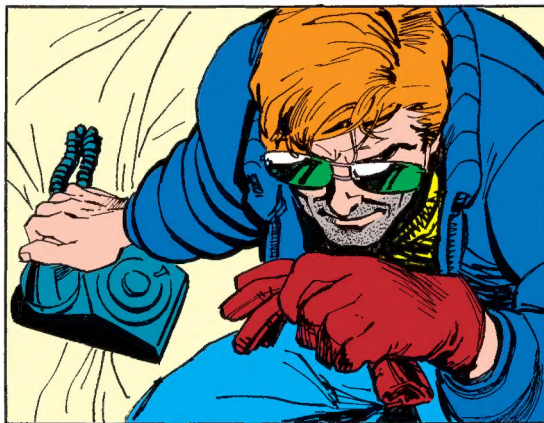
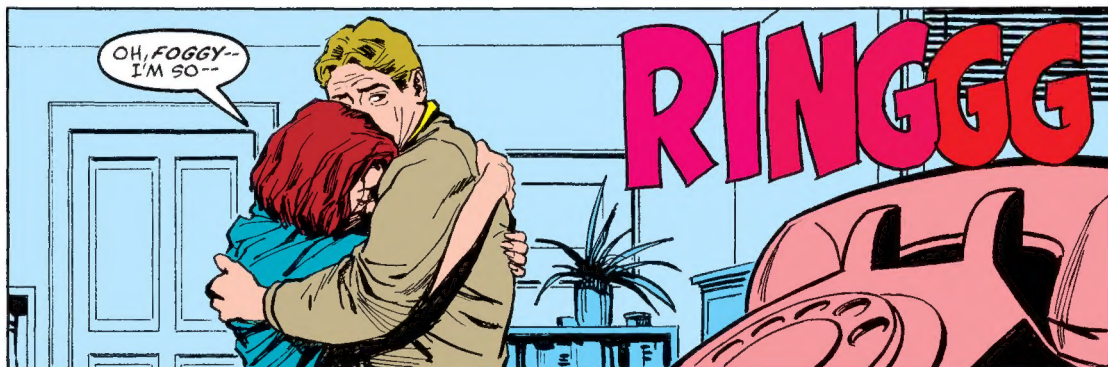


MATT, THIS IS FOGGY--



HE HUNG UP... WHAT THE DEVIL IS WRONG WITH HIM...?









MUTTERED CURSE.

KEYS Jangling.

LOCK  
TURNING.

CHECKOUT  
WAS AT  
NOON, BUM.



SO GIVE WITH **EIGHT BUCKS**  
OR YOU'RE OUT ON YOUR--

HKKKKK

HE'S  
GOOD.

SOUNDS AND SMELLS  
JUST LIKE THE KIND OF  
PHLEGMY, CIGAR-  
SMOKING PIG WHO'D RUN  
A DIVE LIKE THIS.



DRIBBLES SPIT ON MY  
HAND AND GOES LIMP.

IT'S A GOOD FAINT.

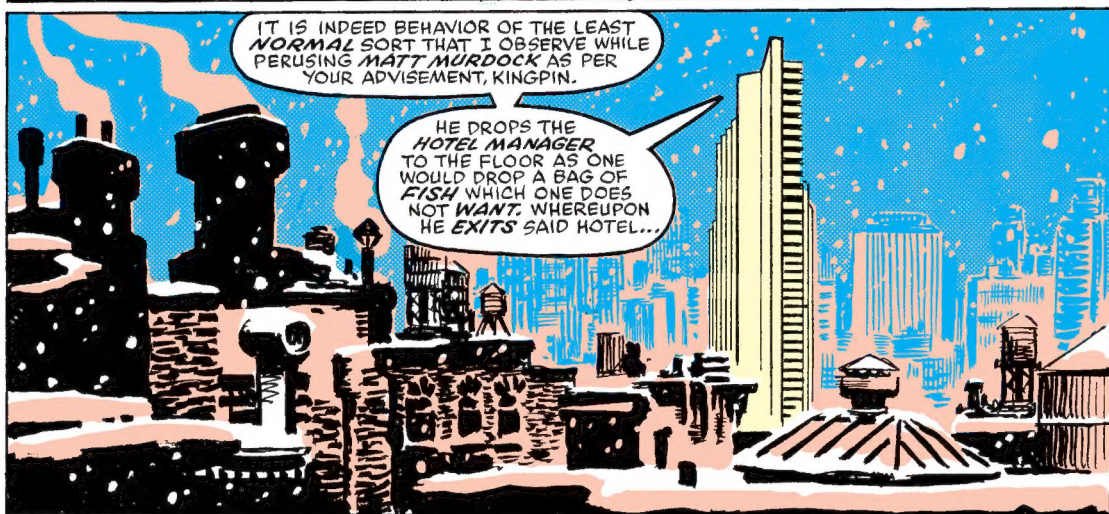
I LET HIM GET AWAY  
WITH IT.



NO POINT IN  
QUESTIONING  
HIM.

I KNOW WHO  
SENT HIM.

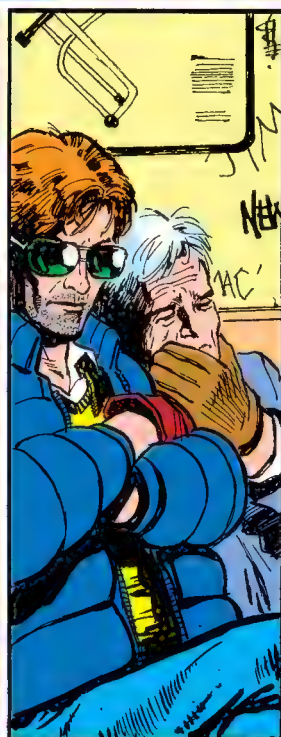
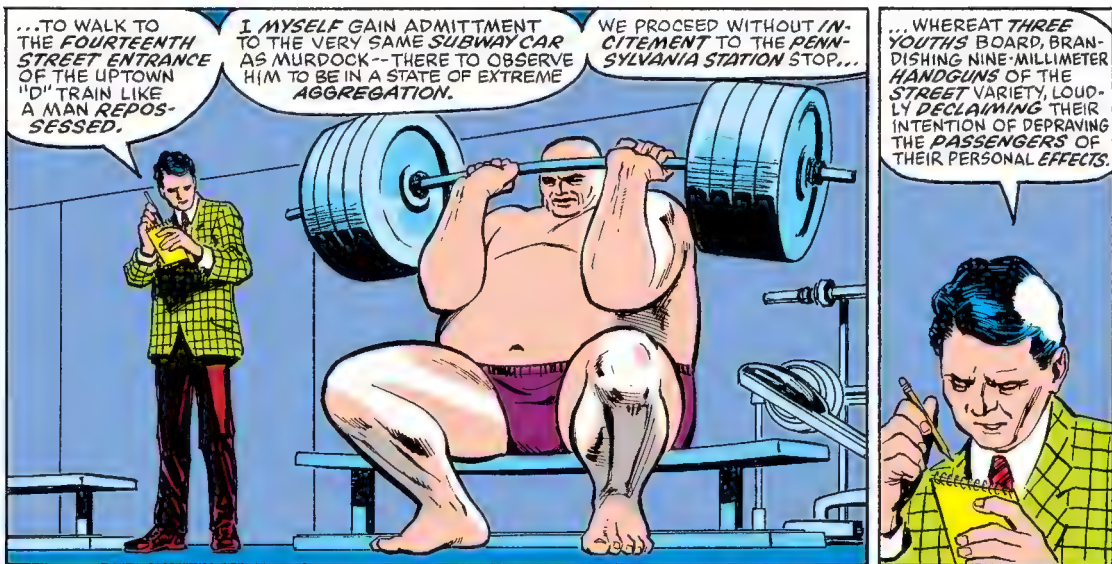
AND I'M  
COMING  
FOR YOU,  
KINGPIN.



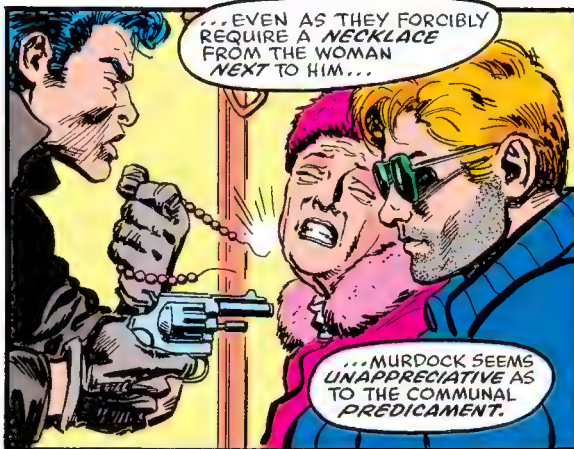
IT IS INDEED BEHAVIOR OF THE LEAST  
**NORMAL** SORT THAT I OBSERVE WHILE  
PERUSING **MATT MURDOCK** AS PER  
YOUR ADVISEMENT, KINGPIN.

HE DROPS THE  
**HOTEL MANAGER**  
TO THE FLOOR AS ONE  
WOULD DROP A BAG OF  
**FISH** WHICH ONE DOES  
NOT WANT. WHEREUPON  
HE EXITS SAID HOTEL...



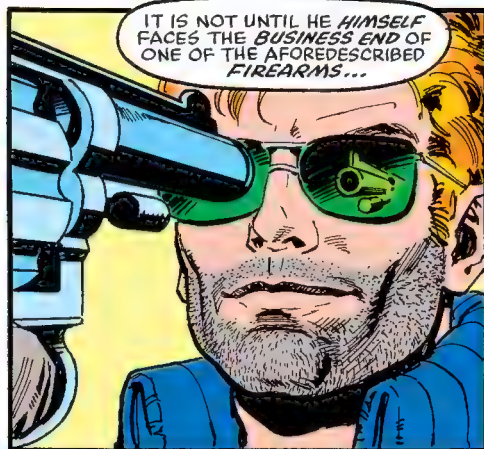




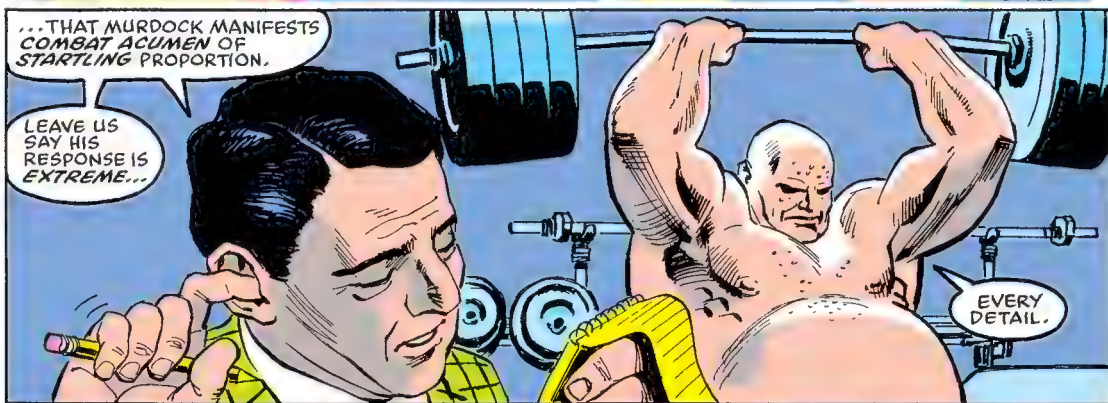


...EVEN AS THEY FORCIBLY REQUIRE A *NECKLACE* FROM THE WOMAN NEXT TO HIM...

...MURDOCK SEEMS UNAPPRECIATIVE AS TO THE COMMUNAL PREDICAMENT.



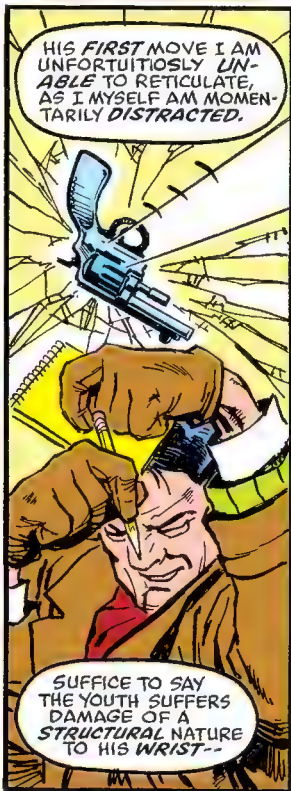
IT IS NOT UNTIL HE *HIMSELF* FACES THE *BUSINESS* END OF ONE OF THE AFOREDESCRIBED FIREARMS...



...THAT MURDOCK MANIFESTS COMBAT ACUMEN OF STARTLING PROPORTION.

LEAVE US SAY HIS RESPONSE IS EXTREME...

EVERY DETAIL.



HIS *FIRST* MOVE I AM UNFORTUITOUSLY UNABLE TO RETICULATE, AS I MYSELF AM MOMENTARILY DISTRACTED.

SUFFICE TO SAY THE YOUTH SUFFERS DAMAGE OF A STRUCTURAL NATURE TO HIS WRIST--



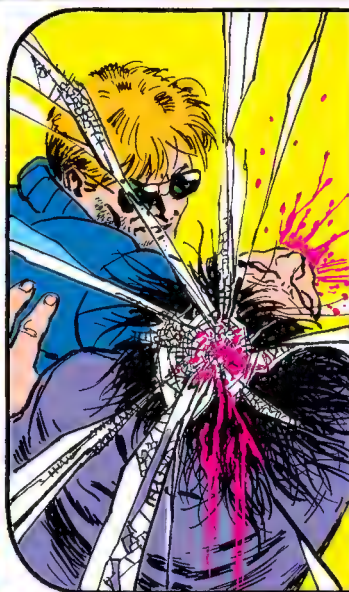
--THEN TO HIS RIBS...



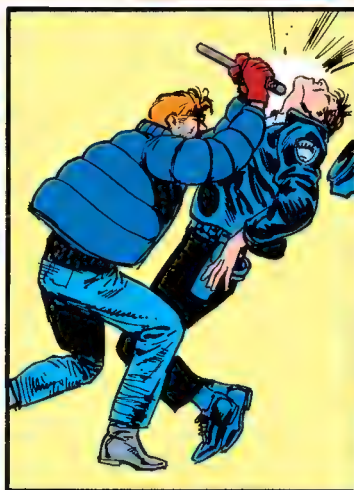
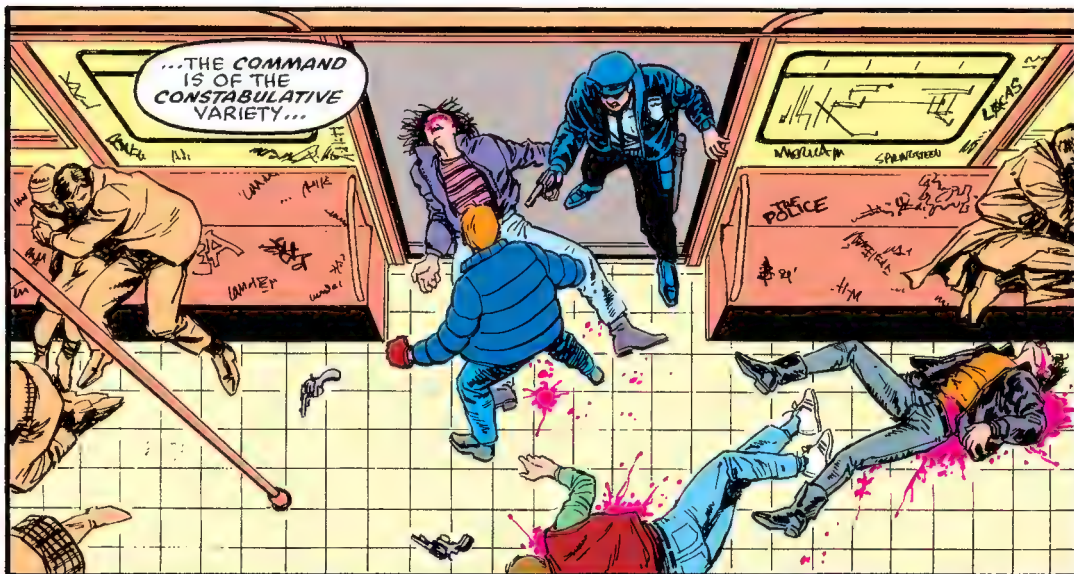
...AND TO HIS *JAW*, WHICH MAKES WITH A NOISE NOT UNLIKE THAT OF A COKE BOTTLE BURSTING.

AS FOR THE *SECOND* YOUTH, HIS ATTEMPT TO WITHSTALL MURDOCK'S ASSAULT...

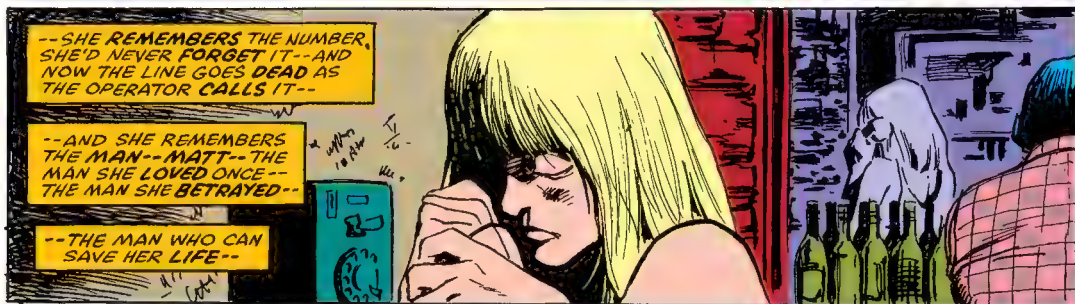
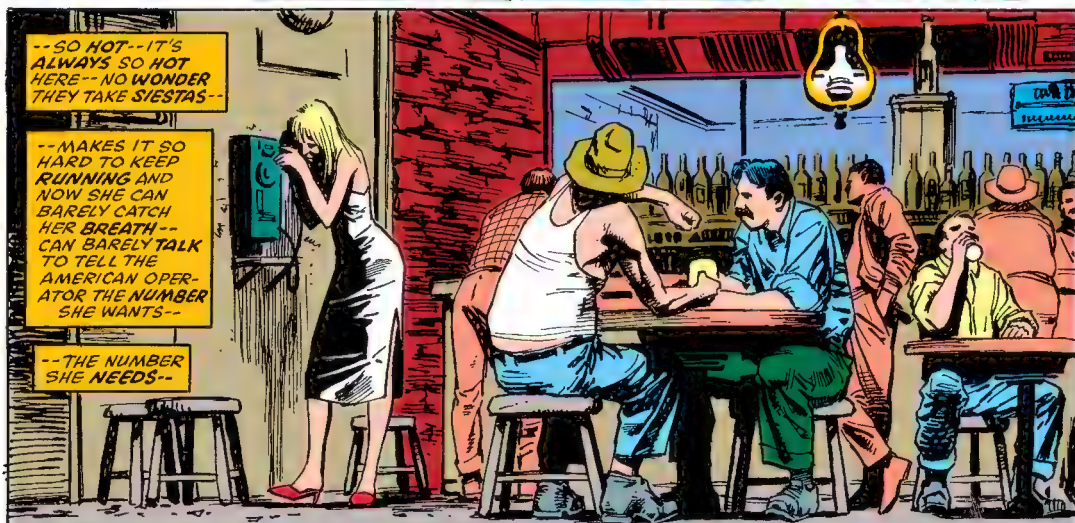
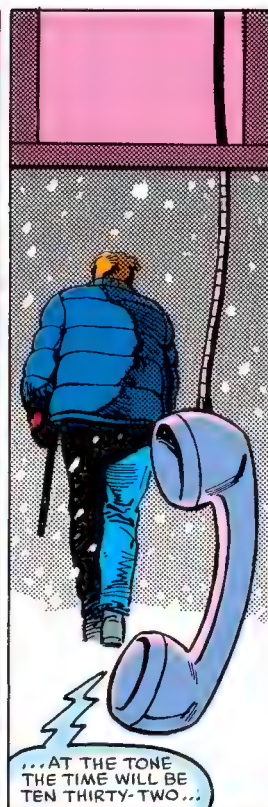




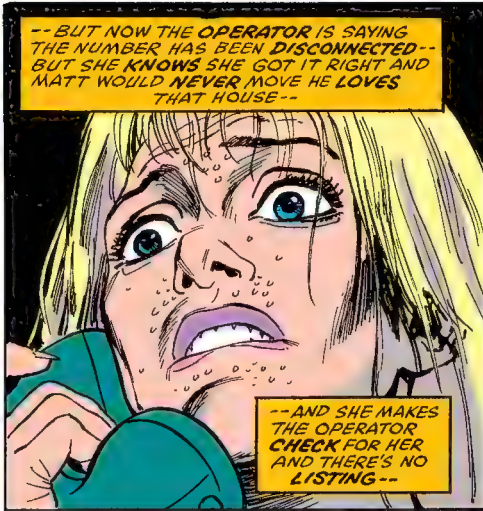






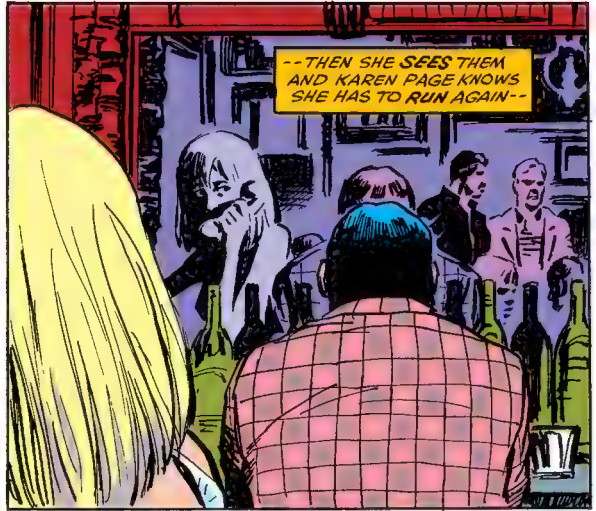




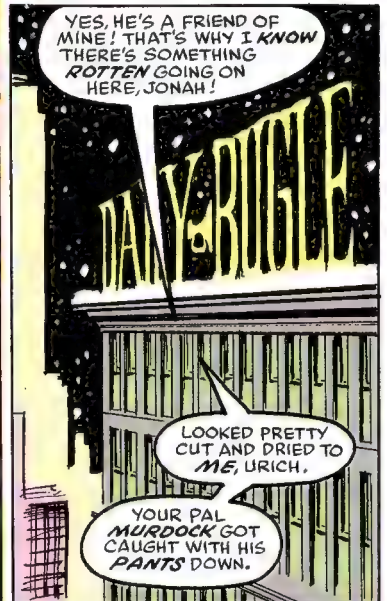
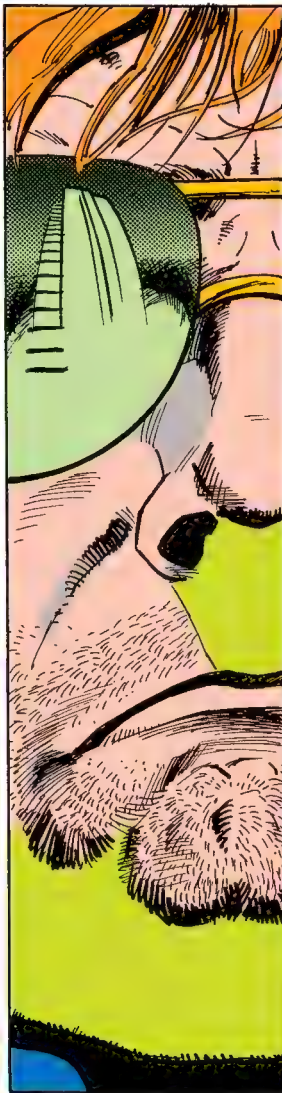


-- BUT NOW THE OPERATOR IS SAYING THE NUMBER HAS BEEN *DISCONNECTED*-- BUT SHE KNOWS SHE GOT IT RIGHT AND MATT WOULD NEVER MOVE HE LOVES THAT HOUSE--

-- AND SHE MAKES THE OPERATOR CHECK FOR HER AND THERE'S NO LISTING--



-- THEN SHE SEES THEM AND KAREN PAGE KNOWS SHE HAS TO RUN AGAIN--



YES, HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE! THAT'S WHY I KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING *ROTTEN* GOING ON HERE, JONAH!

LOOKED PRETTY CUT AND DRIED TO *ME*, URICH.

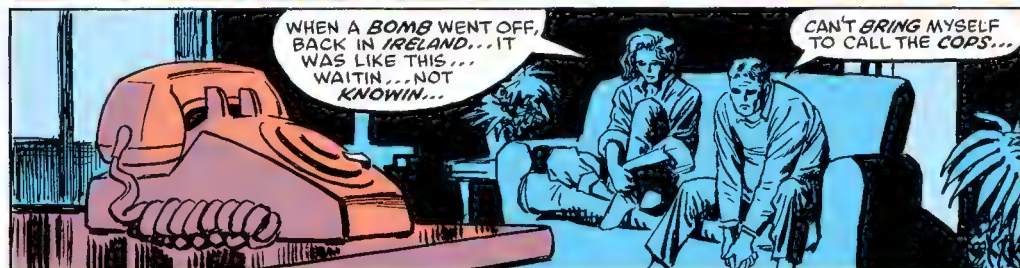
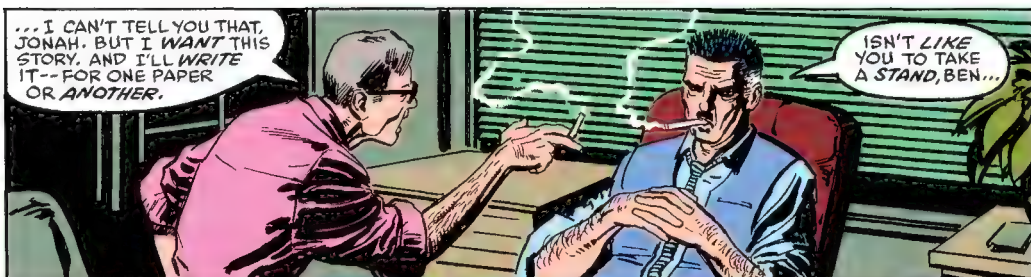
YOUR PAL *MURDOCK* GOT CAUGHT WITH HIS *PANTS* DOWN.

MATT'S *STRAIGHT*, JONAH. YOU DON'T KNOW *HOW* STRAIGHT. THIS IS A *FRAME*-- BY THE *KINGPIN*.

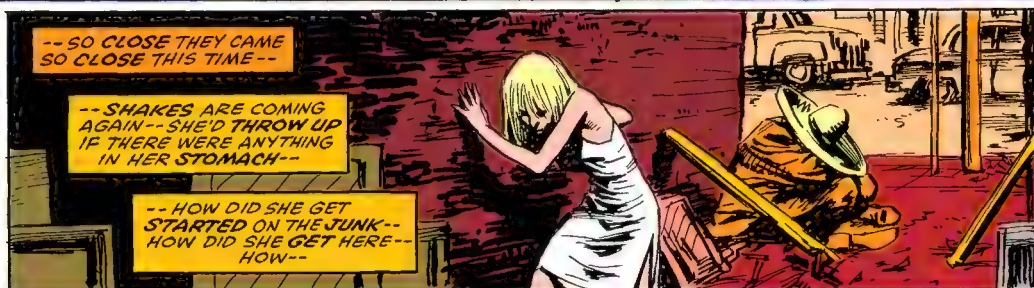
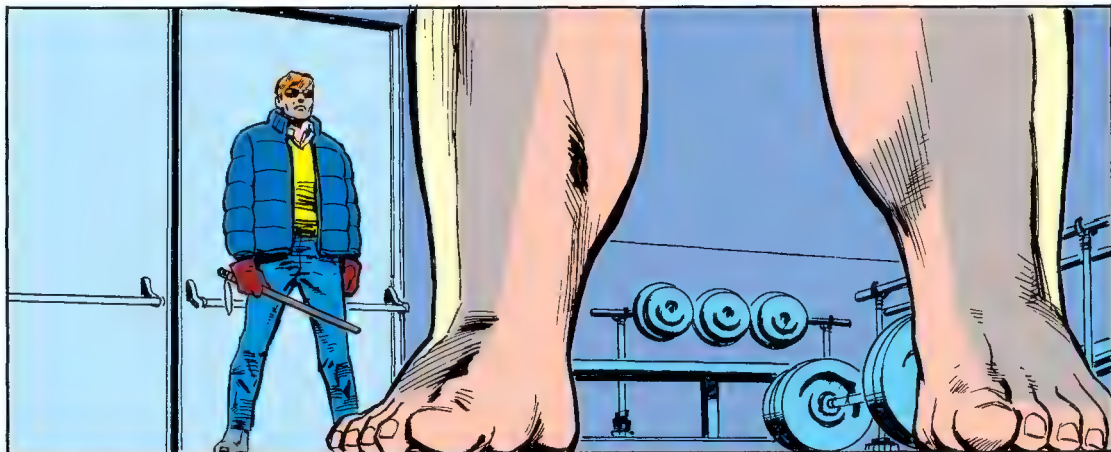


THE *KINGPIN*? WHAT THE DEVIL'S A *BLIND* LAWYER GOT TO DO WITH THE *KINGPIN*?





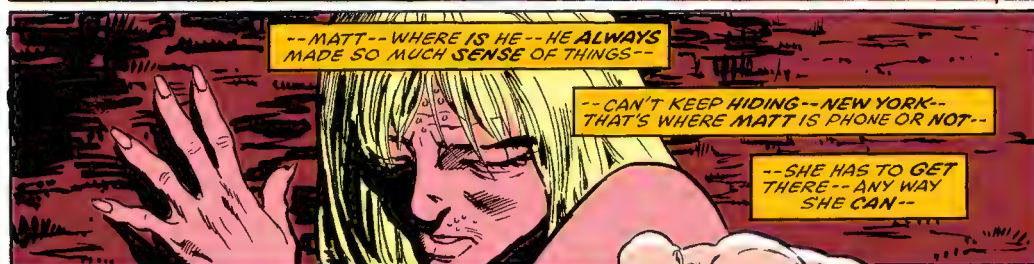




-- SO CLOSE THEY CAME  
SO CLOSE THIS TIME --

-- SHAKES ARE COMING  
AGAIN -- SHE'D THROW UP  
IF THERE WERE ANYTHING  
IN HER STOMACH --

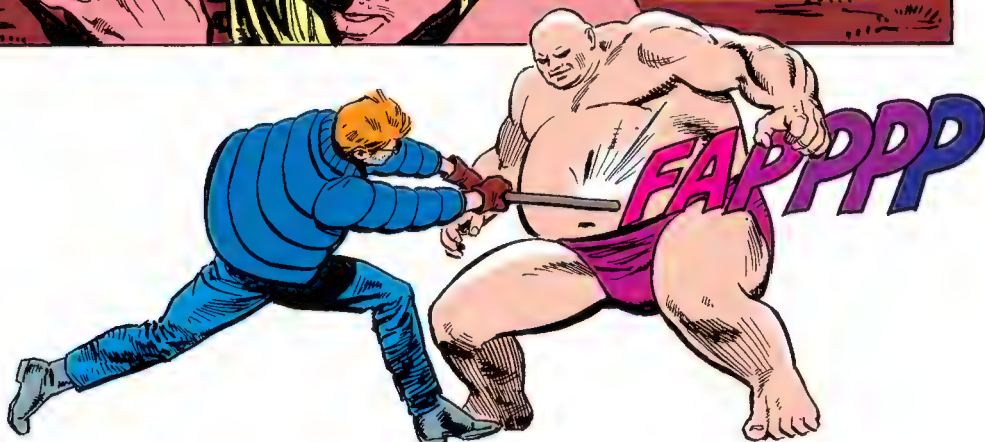
-- HOW DID SHE GET  
STARTED ON THE JUNK --  
HOW DID SHE GET HERE --  
HOW --



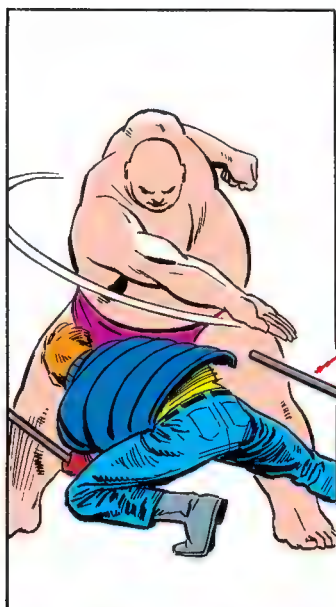
-- MATT -- WHERE IS HE -- HE ALWAYS  
MADE SO MUCH SENSE OF THINGS --

-- CAN'T KEEP HIDING -- NEW YORK --  
THAT'S WHERE MATT IS PHONE OR NOT --

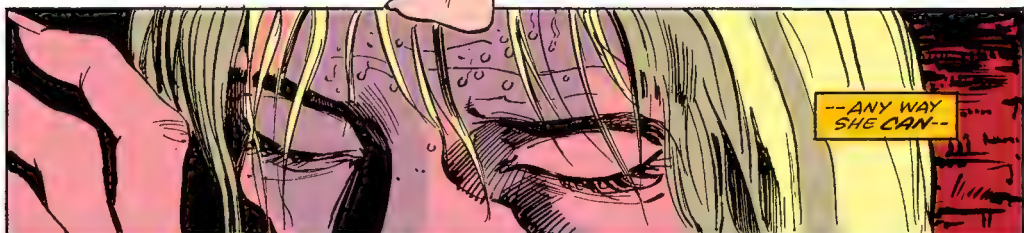
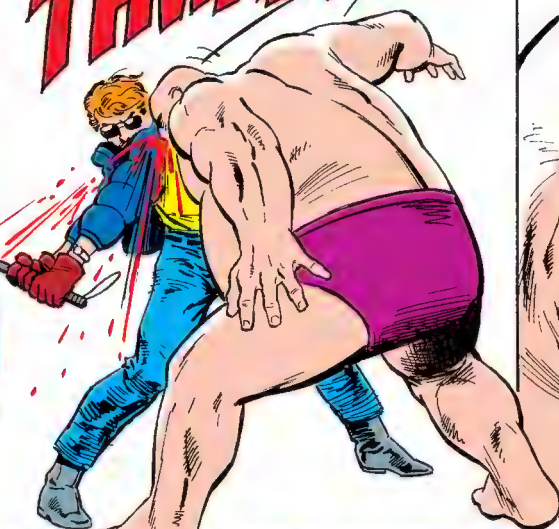
-- SHE HAS TO GET  
THERE -- ANY WAY  
SHE CAN --





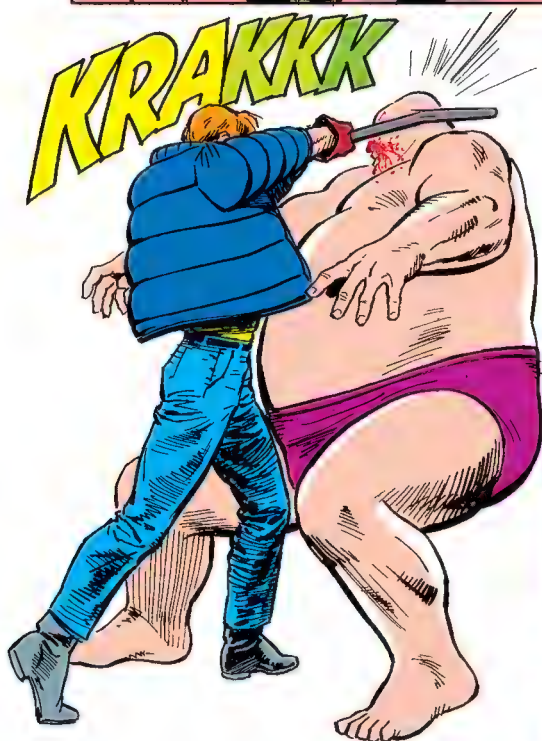


**THWAKK**

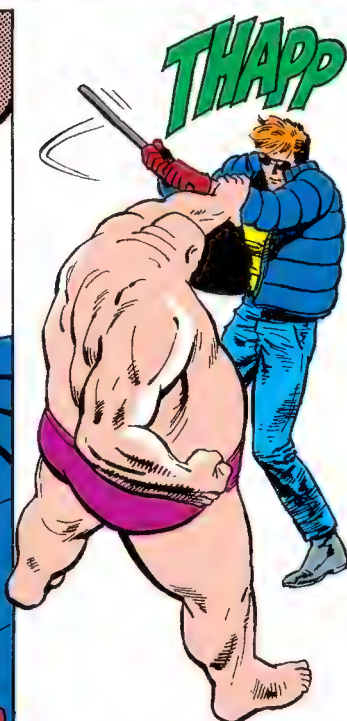


-- ANY WAY  
SHE CAN --

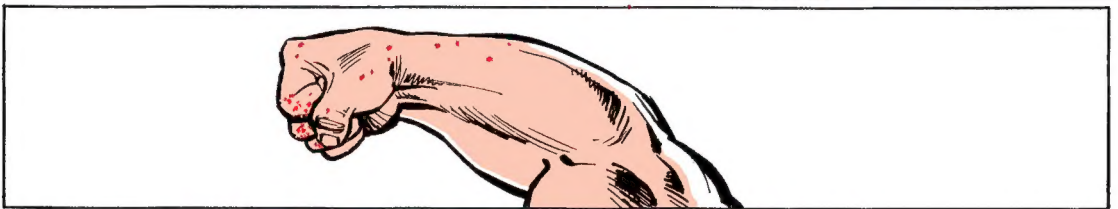
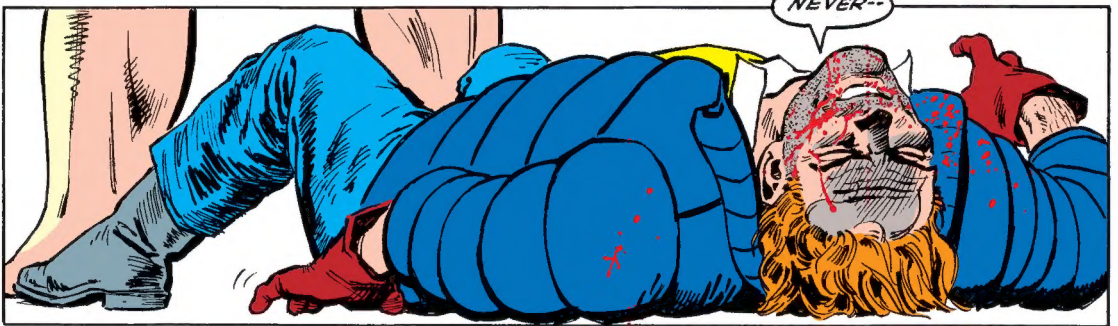
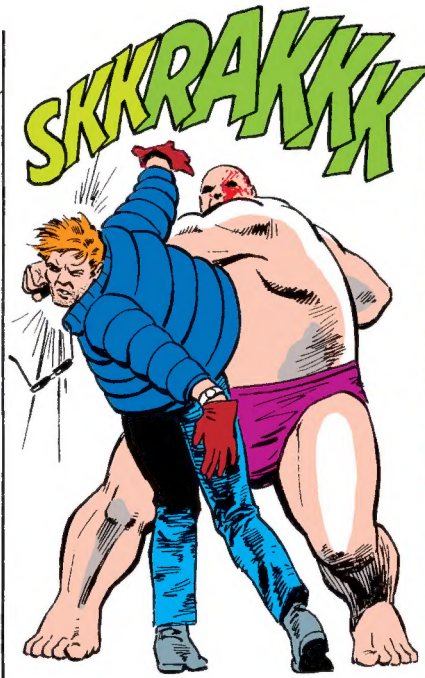
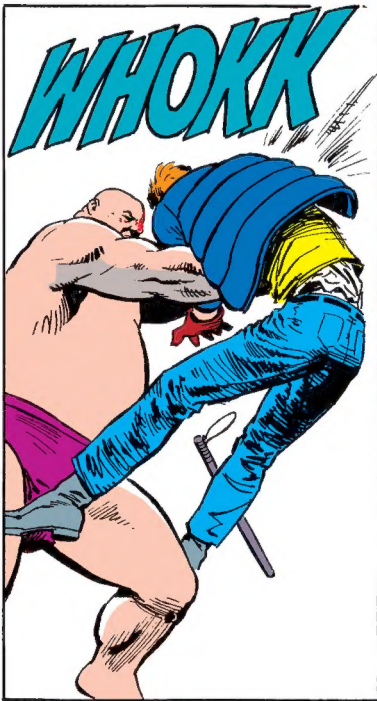
**KRAK**



**THAPP**









IT WOULD BE A JOY TO END IT THERE. SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAN BRINGS TO THE KINGPIN A BLOODLUST HE HAS NOT FELT SINCE HIS YOUTH. IT TAKES AN EFFORT OF WILL TO RESTRAIN HIMSELF FROM TEARING MURDOCK LIMB FROM LIMB.

BUT THE KINGPIN IS A CAREFUL MAN. THERE ARE DETAILS TO CONSIDER.

MURDOCK'S DEATH MUST BE NEITHER MYSTERIOUS NOR SUSPICIOUS. THERE MUST BE NO ROOM FOR QUESTIONS. NO CAUSE FOR INVESTIGATION.

UNCONSCIOUS BUT LIVING, MURDOCK IS PLACED IN A STOLEN CHECKER CAB...

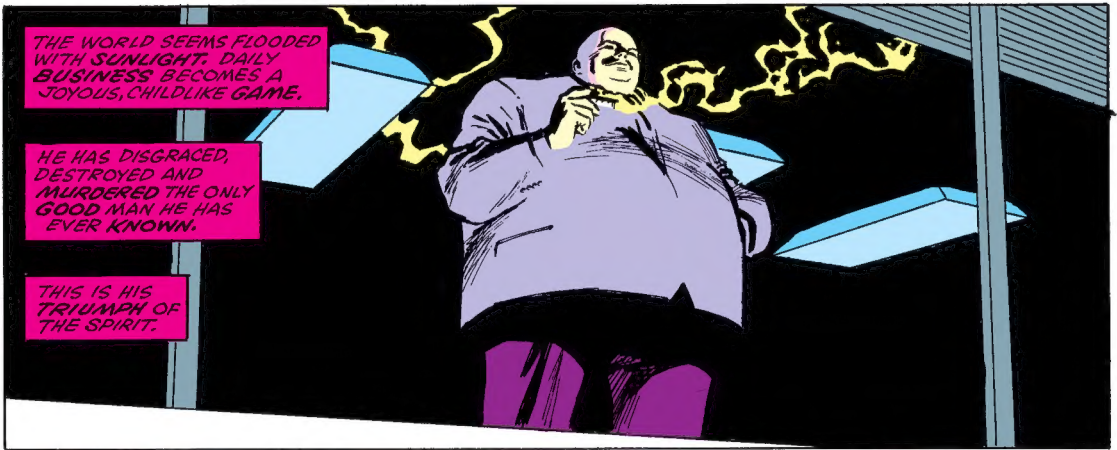
...THE CAB IS DRIVEN OFF PIER 41 INTO THE EAST RIVER. ITS SAFETY BELT AND DOORS ARE CORRODED SHUT BY A CHEMICAL PROCESS THAT IS IDENTICAL TO RUST. MURDOCK IS DRENCHED IN WHISKEY. A BOTTLE, OPEN, IS LAID IN HIS LAP.

THE OWNER OF THE CAB IS BEATEN TO DEATH BY MURDOCK'S STOLEN BILLY CLUB.

DAYS PASS INTO WEEKS. STILL MURDOCK IS NEVER FAR FROM THE CRIMELORD'S THOUGHTS. HE IMAGINES ONE LAST, TERRIBLE MOMENT OF REALIZATION...OF MURDOCK THRASHING WILDLY, DESPERATELY, HATEFULLY... SCREAMING SOUNDLESSLY INTO THE POISONED WATER...

...THE KINGPIN SHUDDERS AT THE THOUGHT, IN PLEASURE...





THE WORLD SEEMS FLOODED  
WITH SUNLIGHT. DAILY  
BUSINESS BECOMES A  
JOYOUS, CHILDLIKE GAME.

HE HAS DISGRACED,  
DESTROYED AND  
MURDERED THE ONLY  
GOOD MAN HE HAS  
EVER KNOWN.

THIS IS HIS  
TRIUMPH OF  
THE SPIRIT.



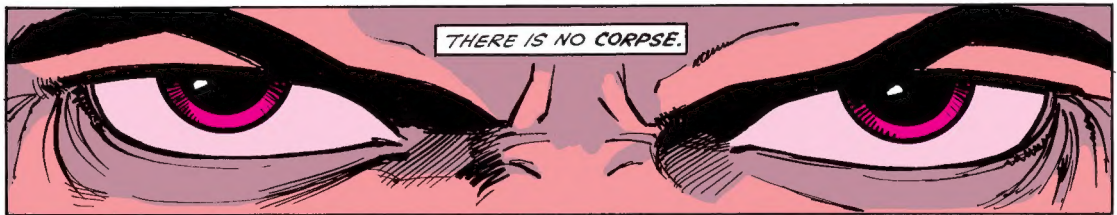
AT LAST THE CAB  
IS DISCOVERED.



THERE IS BLOOD, AND  
BLOODY EVIDENCE OF  
A STRUGGLE.

THERE IS A SHATTERED  
WINDSHIELD... A SAFETY  
BELT, SEVERED BY THE  
WINDSHIELD'S GLASS AND  
WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN  
A HIDEOUS EFFORT OF  
WILL.

THERE IS NO CORPSE.



THERE IS NO CORPSE.



THERE IS NO CORPSE.





**NEXT: PARIAH!**